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and BYSTANDER

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The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Two Shillings

LONDON

SEPTEMBER 1, 1948

Vol. CLXXXIX. No. 2460

THIS ISSUE

The White City was the setting for this year's most successful International Horse Show which provided a much more representative body of competitors than last season. Action studies of the entries and winners on pages 272 and 273.

At Gleneagles the excellence and beauty of the two courses now open have attracted many distinguished guests this summer. Some of the personalities who have enjoyed their stay at this Golfers' Mecca are pictured on pages 268 and 269.

Godfrey Tearle. This distinguished senior actor is the subject of a critical study by Anthony Cookman, with a cartoon by Tom Titt on page 260, whilst we reproduce on page 261 a portrait of him as he appears in the Stratford Festival in the title rôle of Othello.

Deauville. Nowhere has the revival of French joie de vivre been shown more clearly than at their most luxurious of northern seaside resorts. Jennifer describes some of the attractions and the visitors who enjoyed the colourful festivities which the record summer season has provided. Pages 266 and 267.

The Household Brigade Regatta. For many keen yachtsmen and their friends this function is among the most delightful and intimate of occasions. Some of the members and their parties who enjoyed the social as well as the sporting aspect of the events are shown on page 274.



Bassano

MRS. JOHN HAMILTON and her children in the lovely grounds of their home at Bramley Park, Guildford, Surrey. Mrs. Hamilton, seen here with her two sons James and Archie and her daughter Janet, is the wife of Major John Hamilton, M.C., of the Coldstream Guards. She is the daughter of Major the Hon. John Coke, C.V.O.



The Ballater Highland Games were held in Monaltrie Park, Aberdeenshire, with all their customary pageantry. The opening was signalled by a parade of the band of the King's Own Scottish Borderers. The chieftain of the games is Capt. A. A. Compton of Invercauld

Some Portraits in Print

NO other sky I know can conjure so perfectly the illusion of blue clouds such as sometimes roll high over the coast where Alps finally meet the Mediterranean.

I had arrived in Monaco overnight, and the morning broke overcast and grey. And then—just as I have seen it before—there crept over the crest of Mont Agel above the town what appeared as billowing clouds of azure. Oh, that we had more such clouds in England!

All at once the picture came brilliantly to life, the golden sunshine poured down on the red roofs, and from my window I saw the once-so-familiar and much-loved expanse of outrageously blue sea, curving round to Cap Martin and beyond to Italy; the once-so-familiar breath of heat and pine; and look!—the gendarme still dressed as a general-admiral in a musical comedy, and indulging in backchat with some of the two-horse *fiacre* drivers, while all around the coloured picture-postcard setting of Monte Carlo quivers in the sun, and from a window someone possessed of a guitar strums the infectious "Maria d'Bahia."

So the place had been here all the time? Ever since that August nine years ago when, floating lazily in the water, one had read the Continental *Daily Mail*, and remarked that it would probably be quite some while before one could again float so peacefully, and Sir Osbert Sitwell—floating past at that moment—had vehemently agreed.

I felt at first that it had no business to have been here all the time I was away; I felt resentful; then swiftly grateful, and when I saw the first of the wandering rug-sellers, laughed aloud, and said to my companion: "I wonder where Michael Arlen is these days!"—such being an old jest at Mr. Arlen's expense, for he had once proudly implied that the whole tribe were members of the Arlen family.

No change at all in the nine years in between? This gay ribbon of coast, torn not only from the rugged mountainside but preserved from the tattered fabric of the world—there was, then, no difference?

Down in the Metropole gardens I took note of the summer specimens. Not the zinnias, begonias, balsamines, œillet's d'Inde, geraniums and pervenches de Madagascar which hurt the eye, such is their vivid profusion, but of the number plates of the cars. Mostly Belgian and Dutch, with Switzerland and the United States next, and a few Swedish. Quite a number of "G.B." cars, but it is discreetly assumed that most British visitors keep their bicycles elsewhere than in this *de luxe* driveway. Such has always been the cosmopolitan character of Monte Carlo, which really takes little exception to the charabancs of tourists which stream up to the old Casino, disgorge their loads for a quick visit to the "Kitchens" and then move off again. A hearty, healthy vulgarity has always been one side of life on the rock.

OTHER Riviera competitors have arisen, more especially since the French discovered that bathing in the Mediterranean was not necessarily injurious. Cannes is its biggest rival, and that town has the advantage of a lush hinterland, enriched by many villas, while Monte Carlo has few big private houses away from its metropolitan limits. But Cannes lacks quality.

Monte Carlo has character and atmosphere, which the newer places miss. It is the ornate character of Charles Garnier (who built the Paris Opera), and whose rococo embellishments set the style for Monte Carlo eighty years or so ago. It has the atmosphere of a Park Lane that is past, a flavour of over-rich Edwardian society, which to-day I find strangely satisfying.

I look down from my window on the roof of an annexe, on which is a one-storied villa, originally built for Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, back in the 'eighties.

Now it is occupied by Vice-Admiral J. D. Nares, who retired from the Navy in 1936, who holds a post on the Prince of Monaco's great philanthropy-cum-hobby—the International Hydrographic Bureau. Over by the

Palace is one of the world's finest aquariums.

No change at all in the years in between. There was the night at the "Sporting d'Été," when a certain M. Jacques Fath, of Paris, was to show his new collection of clothes for women; this M. Fath being now hailed as the principal rival of M. Christian Dior, the elegant youngish man held guilty of what even the French have called "Le New Look."

A magnificent occasion, excessively smart, presenting the manner of picture which I had thought only to exist nowadays in the fancies of the artists who draw fashion magazine covers.

"This," I pronounced, "is very much smarter than it was before the war."

"Nonsense!" said someone. "It's just because you've forgotten what things were like. It was always like this."

"He's quite right, you know," a young lady came to my defence. "It's much dressier than it used to be because the clothes are so dressy."

We sat gazing at the fashions of the moment (and the coming one), at the bouquet of tulle skirts, *diamanté* bodices, at all the brocades and lavish use of lace, at all this highly-feminine dress—and memory was strong enough to compare it favourably with the tubular, Eton-crop manner of fashions that was a negation of femininity in the decades before the war.

MY companion said "Look!" And at that moment, down the curved staircase floated so prettily several hundred thousand francs worth of clothes, their two owners picking up their skirts, for all the world twins to the beauties who decorated the Court of the Empress Eugénie.

I had probably seen the same two at the swimming pool in the morning, having about tuppence-worth around then. How preferable is a billowing skirt to near-nudity!

Yes, a strange picture in Europe today—little of it being of Europe. Little Miss —, the film star, wearing a *rivière* of diamonds; an Indian prince or two; a

SEPTEMBER

by Justin Richardson

sprinkling of those queer Continental titles which are sometimes without benefit of *Almanach de Gotha*; one or two local parties and a few faces familiar to me, but not much more familiar than those of some of the veteran croupiers. It was not a picture on which to moralize, but one which it was enjoyable to savour, as one of the long-forbidden fruits of peace and plenty.

To add a fashion note, many of the new *Jacque Fath* coats open up the back. This simple device, no doubt, adds many francs to the cost of the coat, but whether it will make the wearer either warmer or happier none of us could decide.

Outside the Club, in the light of dawn, the *fiacres* were waiting, and a slightly leaner *Sambo* was herding ladies into their cars and carriages. It was, in fact, *Sambo fils*, the *Sambo* known to the gamblers at Monte Carlo for so many years past having retired to Algiers in prosperity.

CHANGE? None up in the feudal Italian town, only five minutes away from cosmopolitan Monte Carlo, where the streets are so narrow you can shake hands across them from window to window, and all wind towards the open place before the Prince's palace, the sentry still performing his semicircular tour of duty, but, tiring of it, will coyly pose for visitors' cameras.

Yes, a change in the harbour, only one big yacht, but a British one at that, owned by a multiple-director and boasting a crew of thirty-eight. But no change in the laundry services of the town.

I had come from London after waiting, vainly, for three weeks for the return of my laundry. In Monte Carlo I rang the bell, my shirts were removed and returned—the same day, beautifully laundered. Miracle! Such should be among a resort's advertised attractions: *Ses plages fleuries, ses casinos, ses blanchisseuses*. . . .

One thing missing: "*Les Girls*," that troupe of what Damon Runyon called "pretties" who arrived in Monte Carlo from New York some fifteen years ago, ran riot through the Sporting d'Été, came on to Paris and London, and wrote something of a small chapter in the uncelled social history of the pre-war decade.

Also noted: the fickle prices of gin, which now seems to rival the cigarette as a recognized symbol of the law of supply and demand.

We all know what has happened to gin in England in the last few months, even grocers pressing the wicked stuff on customers. In France the situation is complicated by its wildly varying prices, bottles ranging in price from £1 to 10s., the latter inducing a stupor reminiscent of the bathtub vintage of the U.S. 'twenties. Prices of gin drinks vary, from 2s. a Dry Martini at the Crillon in Paris to 3s. 9d. at the Metropole in Monte Carlo, and to the outrageous top of 5s. 6d. at the Hotel de Paris in the same hundred yards square of Monaco territory.

Yet what are such petty details in the wider picture of this little Principality, which dared to bar its Casino doors to the invading *Bosche* unless he was properly attired?

Clouds other than blue ones do stray across its sky, of course. The sun sets with frightening symbolism, one minute flooding its late afternoon glow down on the town, but the next vanishing behind the frowning precipice—or perhaps being prematurely obscured by some ominous cloud drifting southward from Europe.

Then Monte Carlo looks, for the moment, haunted: until the moon rises, to give the bouganvillea and laurier blossoms fresh colour.

—Gordon Beckles

September, masking in the skirts of Summer,
Made-up in green to hide the wrinkling leaves;
Flowered, but darker and chrysanthemum;
Rust in your yellow sheaves;



Ardent in sudden spells, as you remember
That younger part you're playing on the stage,
But after each *reprise* more tired, September,
Until you own your age:



Until at last you cease the masquerading
And, full and apple-checked and quiet eyed,
Turn back the wrap of emerald that's fading
And show the gold inside.



The Highland Fling is demonstrated at Ballater by a team of expert competitors

Anthony Cookman
with Tom Titt

At the Theatre

A Fine Othello
at Stratford

MR. GODFREY TEARLE'S Othello—the great event of the most distinguished of recent festivals at Stratford-upon-Avon—is a strange performance. It flies in the face of all received notions of how Othello should be played, yet compels belief.

Is not the Moor Shakespeare's supreme orator? With the speeches given him have not the Keans, the Talmas and the Salvinis been wont to lift the roof? Is it not a part which shows quietism the door? Must there not be, in the fourth act, a terrific display of animal frenzy?

To all these questions Mr. Tearle, though endowed by nature to seize on each obvious histrionic opportunity to shake the heart and thrill the nerves, returns a decided "No!"; and yet, as I say, he succeeds in shaking the heart, thrilling the nerves of his audiences.

The explanation would seem to be that the character has been fined down in the actor's mind to its essentials. Those essentials are nobility and the soldier's habit of instant decision. The nobility must be established before its disintegration can signify and the man of action before Othello, being wrought upon by Iago, can revert in a few swift strides from civilization to savagery.

Mr. Tearle establishes both these qualities with unstrained simplicity. "Othello, above all tragic passages," observed G. H. Lewes, "needs great physical qualities in the performer." Mr. Tearle is physically magnificent, and his Moor suggests a Spanish grandee in disguise. The years have taken nothing from his vocal magnificence, and nobody can doubt that if he wished to lift the roof he would not lack the power. Yet he makes no set displays of either magnificence.

His is the unconscious beauty of a thoroughbred in action, and he draws from the speeches which may seem to invite oratorical splendour, the quiet harmonies which lie close to the dramatic meaning. In short, he uses his great natural advantages and is not used by them.

IT is not, of course, a reading which invalidates all previous readings. It holds the animal spirits so closely in check that some legitimate opportunities are, indeed, thrown away, and the scene of epileptic seizure is cut, but the reading is entirely consistent with itself and it is full from first to last of splendid life. Coleridge suggested that it was the loss not of Desdemona's love

but of a belief in the purity of sex which opened "a tremendous yawning grave" beneath Othello's feet. This is the Othello which Mr. Tearle so memorably draws; one who is, when he comes in to smother Desdemona, visibly in a state of moral exhaustion, moved only by an automatic act of will.

MR. ANTHONY QUAYLE'S Iago met with a good deal of criticism, and Mr. Tearle, as the producer, took on himself the blame for its lack of devilishness. It is not an easy character to play, but the mask of honesty which deceives Othello must assuredly not be so composed that the audience sees only honesty mixed with a little bucolic cunning. It was the bucolic side of the interpretation which drew the adverse comments on a performance which at least gave Iago's motives a stage plausibility which they do not possess for the reader.

Miss Diana Wynyard, whose acting has seemed to deepen and gain in variety with every fresh production at the festival, is a resolute-minded Desdemona after Stanislavsky's own heart, and Miss Ena Burrill, as Emilia, and Mr. Paul Scofield, as Roderigo, are as good as could be wished.



"O! She deceives me past thought!" Othello (Godfrey Tearle) seizes his luckless Desdemona (Diana Wynyard) at the crucial moment of the tragedy, whilst Iago (Anthony Quayle) watches the evil consequences of his machinations. As producer-actor Mr. Godfrey Tearle gives the theatre-going world the summing-up of his immense experience of this, the most successful rôle of his career, this fine production marks the farewell to Stratford of Sir Barry Jackson, under whose ægis the Festival of Shakespearean drama has flourished for so long



GODFREY TEARLE

Here seen as Othello at the Stratford Festival after returning from a very successful *Antony and Cleopatra* season in New York, Godfrey Tearle has a record of professional accomplishment rare on the stage to-day. He has not only the player's gift of expression, but an impressive presence and a voice whose richness is the despair of the under-larynxed tyros of the theatre. Born in 1884 in New York, the son of an English actor, he learnt in the hard school summed

up in the words "on tour." At twenty he was running his own company and was a fully experienced performer when he first appeared in the West End in 1907 as Sigismund in Oscar Asche's *Attila at His Majesty's*. Since then he has compassed every type of role with success, has toured extensively, including several visits to the U.S. and South Africa, and has made many films. In 1932 he became the first President of Equity. He lives in Cornwall, and is an enthusiastic yachtsman

Photographed by Angus McBean

Freda Bruce Lockhart

[Decorations
by Hoffnung]

At The Pictures

Hocus-pocus or Bunkum?

How to define hokum? In search of a definition I consulted every film glossary on my shelves, but even one which under "H" gives "Ham(a). An actor," volunteered nothing at all on hokum. As a last faint hope I turned to the so-called Shorter Oxford Dictionary (which is so much longer than the Concise one) and found exactly what I required:

Hokum. Orig. U.S. Theatrical slang 1922

(? A blending of hocus-pocus and bunkum.)

Theatrical speech, action, etc., designed to make a sentimental or melodramatic appeal to an audience.

There it is, though the precise dictionary terms might be stretched to cover more than the very particular blends of hocus-pocus and bunkum which we instinctively recognize as hokum.

What inspired this solemn research was a week's offering of two films which, in their different ways, are model illustrations of Hollywood hokum at its best and—no, perhaps not worst, but most ineffectual. As hokum is the staple ingredient of so many pictures the occasion invites a little more attention than there is usually time to spend on the most fleeting of all forms of film. For it is the essence of hokum that it should be unreal, incredible; and of successful hokum that it should convince the audience for the time being. It may, therefore, be argued that hokum is the best test of the efficient execution of a picture by all concerned.

At the Plaza, *Night Has a Thousand Eyes* admirably fulfils the dictionary definition. Hocus-pocus is there from the start, undiluted in the mind-reading act with which John Triton (Edward G. Robinson) and his two partners (Virginia Bruce and Jerome Cowan) tour American vaudeville. It is a strange coincidence, by the way, that this film should follow, at the same theatre, *Nightmare Alley*, in which we saw Tyrone Power as a fake mind-reader and spiritualist. Having gone to see *Nightmare Alley* late in its run, I saw the two films on successive days and wondered whether there had been any famous exposure of such fraud in America recently, to attract the studios' attention; and whether "mentalists" are to take the place of psychiatrists as the witch-doctors of this season's pictures.

Triton's professional problem is less cynical than that of Tyrone Power's young charlatan—for this is hokum with sentimental as well as melodramatic appeal—although their technique for dealing with questions from their audiences is to begin with almost identical. Triton's trouble is that, from being an ordinary professional trickster he begins to suffer from touches—or a whole rash—of genuine prevision, and to foresee disasters he is powerless to prevent, as well as some more profitable prophecies like winning horses and booming oil wells. After foreseeing the death of the partner he is engaged to marry he vanishes, leaving her to marry the pianist. She dies just the same in

childbirth, and twenty years later Triton emerges from his retreat to prophesy the death of her widower and daughter and see if he can turn his uncomfortable gift to better use this time.

Basically unreal, incredible, as this highly-coloured story is, unassuming efficiency at every level make the film into as neatly effective a thriller as I remember since such classics as *The Monkey's Paw* on the stage or the ghost stories of childhood. Screenwriters Barré Lyndon and Jonathan Latimer have licked a novel covering twenty years and I cannot tell what else into a compact screen-play without digressions. The narrative form is flashback-first person, which must here be allowed as legitimate and carries the action smoothly even over the twenty-years' gap of Triton's retreat.

On the acting side, Edward G. Robinson gives the *bravura* performance his part demands. Every time Robinson appears on the screen after an interval, it seems incredible all over again that big money should be paid for the privilege of photographing those startlingly ugly features in outsize close-up. And every time he has a part that gives him any scope, Mr. Robinson proves again that he is an actor of taste, discrimination and discipline as well as of skill and range. He might have been forgiven for hamming his way through Triton but Robinson's characterization, from smart vaudeville headliner to the recluse trying to shed the load of misery he carries in his mind, is as keenly observed as felt and shares the credit with the director, John Farrow, for saving the flashback narration from monotony.

Two of the best supporting players in Hollywood are Jerome Cowan and Virginia Bruce. It is good to see this gracious and witty actress on the screen again and a pity she must vanish so early from the film. Even the juvenile leads are played in an unusually sensible subdued key by Gail Russell as the threatened girl given a week to live by the old wizard, and by John Lund as her sceptical fiancé.

Credit for the achievement of this piece of purest hokum in making its sentimental and melodramatic appeal to the audience must belong ultimately to Mr. Farrow. He has worked his way over a number of years through the smallest and meanest of "B" pictures and has emerged now a director who really knows his job. *Night Has a Thousand Eyes* could very easily have been a grotesque disaster. The production is not ambitious by Hollywood standards. But John Farrow extracts the best from every detail—except the warning noises on the sound track. Lighting and perspective give the vaudeville scenes the authentic musty cheerfulness of an intimate music-hall, and in spite of a predilection for darkly sinister photography, he uses the medium most aptly to achieve the maximum concentration and suspense. Above all, he has

cut every superfluous foot of film and told his story in the ideal length of eighty minutes. Hokum as capably handled as this is simply entertainment that has no further pretensions.

Perhaps it is unkind to take *Homecoming* (Empire) as an example of hokum that does not come off. For it means so evidently well. That is partly the trouble. Hokum—even when it is more bunkum than hocus-pocus—cannot afford mixed motives, and *Homecoming* is part problem picture, part tract for the returning American soldier (Clark Gable) and his wife (Anne Baxter) on how to patch up the home when he has had an affair overseas with Lieutenant-Nurse Lana Turner. Nobody could call this situation improbable and the story isn't really the matter—though it does largely beg the question by killing off Lana Turner before Colonel-Dr. Gable has to go home and face his wife. Even the fact that it is out-of-date need not be fatal, though I suspect that had it not been for the time-lag caused by the Great Tax we should have seen this picture before most of the soldiers had come home and worked this particular problem out for themselves one way or the other.

Certainly the acting is not to blame. All three stars try heroically and all three achieve moments of genuine emotion in the most unlikely circumstances. Clark Gable makes a whole character of the selfish successful society doctor who learns to love humanity in general, and his nurse in particular, at the front (most fatally when they take a jeep from Paris to join their unit under German attack and get stranded for the night behind the German lines). Even Lana Turner manages to behave more than usually like a real person. While Anne Baxter is probably the only actress in Hollywood who could make me believe—for the moment—in that final scene of reconciliation between husband and wife.

If there is nothing wrong with the acting and little disastrously wrong with the basic story, there is practically nothing right about direction, dialogue or editing. I remember one brilliant adult conversation between Mr. Gable and Miss Turner (after operating under fire for some twenty hours on end) which went something like this:

HE: Come and have a cup of coffee. SHE: No, thank you. HE: All right, if you don't want to be friends. (Cut to his tent, she enters with two cups.) SHE: Have some coffee. I'm sorry I was rude, I'd like to be friends. HE: All right, let's be friends, shall we? SHE: Good night.

Every time the players succeed in building up something like sincere feeling, the director either pongs it home with a line of elephantine bathos or lets it slowly deflate; or again, and almost worst of all, underlines it with ponderous funereal background music which would kill a better script. He even makes Mr. Gable and Miss Turner bath (each in turn, of course, while the other coyly stands guard) in an old Roman bath in North Africa—a scene which would have been better left to C. B. de Mille, master of bathtubs as well as of hokum.



ACTRESS
SARAH
CHURCHILL

Second daughter of Mr. Winston Churchill, Sarah Churchill made her first appearance on the stage in 1936 in the chorus at the Adelphi Theatre. There followed a number of stage parts and two modest screen engagements, ending with a repertory season at the London Coliseum before she joined the W.A.A.F., in which she served until the end of the war. At the end of 1945 she returned to the stage on tour, and in the

summer of 1946 went to Rome to star in *Daniele Cortis*, which has not been shown in England. She stayed in Italy to make *When in Rome* for an American company. Following her return to England came Miss Churchill's first important West End stage part in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* at the Garrick, and she is now under contract to Sir Alexander Korda with a leading rôle in London Films' *All Over the Town* which will be completed in the autumn



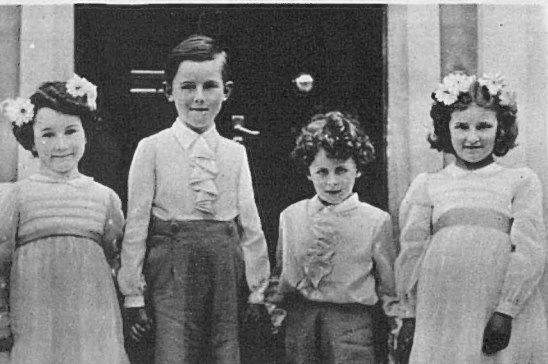
Photograph by Antony Beauchamp

A Wedding in Eire

Hodson — Brabazon



Mr. Gilbert Stanley Hodson, brother of Sir Edmond Hodson, Bt., with his bride, Miss Felicity Brabazon, daughter of Lt.-Col. the Hon. and Mrs. Claud Brabazon, after their wedding at St. Brigid's Church, Kilbride, Co. Wicklow



The bridal attendants: the Hon. Romaine and the Hon. John Brabazon, children of Lord Ardee, and Geoffrey and Susan Lucock, cousins of the bride



Sir Basil Goulding, Bt., Lady Hodson and Lady Goulding, who is a daughter of Sir Walter Monckton, K.C. at the reception



Poole, Dublin

The Countess of Meath (right), Major Ernest G. Howarth and Lady Meriel Howarth, arriving



Princess Elizabeth, Prince John, Princess Adelaide and Prince Charles of Luxembourg, at the party given at the Brazilian Embassy to entertain the Brazilian Olympic team

PARTY FOR BRAZILIAN ATHLETES



Gen. Derrousua, French Military Attaché, talking to Gen. Edgar Amaral, chief of the Brazilian Olympic delegation



The Brazilian Chargé d'Affaires, Señor Mario Guimarães, and Sra. Guimarães in conversation with the swimmer, Miss Talita Rodriguez



Sra. Aldo Rebello, Captain and Sra. Silvair Padilla, Sra. Andre da Silva and Sra. Leonarda Nascimento Diaz were amongst the many guests at the Embassy



Gen. Edgar Amaral talks to Cdr. Paolo Meira, whilst behind are Major Elox Menezes, Capt. Rubern Continentino, and the Naval Attaché, Cdr. Aldo Rebello.

Chris Ware



The Hon. Caroline and the Hon. Melissa Wyndham-Quin, daughters of Viscount Adare, holding the pony with which they collected round the ground for the R.S.P.C.A.



Cdr. J. Stack, Eire Army, clearing the double fence on Connemara in the jumping

THE LIMERICK HORSE SHOW



The Earl of Dunraven (president) with Madam Fitz Gerald, wife of the Knight of Glin



Mr. Michael Fitzgibbon, Master of the Croom Harriers, with Lord Daresbury, Master of the Limerick



Mr. and Mrs. J. Riordan, followers of the United Hunt, Cork, who had several hunter entries



Mrs. C. J. McDowell, on Brown Sugar, clearing the double fence in a jumping event



Sir Mark Grant-Sturgis and Lord and Lady Roderic Pratt watching the judging



Viscount Adare with his sister-in-law, Mrs. Carroll-Carstairs, from U.S.



Mr. Watson Blair, Viscountess Adare and her son, the Hon. Thady Wyndham-Quin



Fennell, Dublin
Mrs. Glen Browne with Sir Thomas Ainsworth, Bt., ex-Master of four famous Irish packs



F. J. Goodman

H.E. Duchess Gallarati-Scotti, wife of the Italian Ambassador, photographed in the drawing-room of the Embassy at Davies Street, W. The Duchess, who is one of Italy's most celebrated hostesses, came to London with the Duke in October of last year. They have two daughters, who are students at Queen's College, Harley Street

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

AFTER Torquay I flew over to Deauville for a long week-end in the middle of the season there. Travelling over I went by the regular air service from Croydon to Deauville, which on this occasion left a lot to be desired for the comfort of passengers. Firstly, we started late, in an old-fashioned seven-seater machine. There were six ordinary single arm-chair seats, but the seventh, occupied by a six-footer, was what the Americans so aptly call a "jump seat," *i.e.*, a flap which let down from the side, with no upholstery or arm-rests. (He paid a full fare.)

There was no rack for hand luggage, so everyone carried their cases on their laps, and to add to the discomfort, the ventilators above the seats did not function, so it soon became stuffy. I was thankful to be travelling home in a charter plane.

After a few hours in Deauville one thought one was in another world. It seemed an oasis in the troubled Europe of to-day. Everything was bright and cheerful for the visitors' enjoyment. A big percentage of these holiday-makers were French. As a nation they do know how to enjoy life, and were revelling in the delights of their own seaside resort. There were also visitors from Belgium, U.S., South America, Spain, and a few from our own less happily financially situated shores.

How quickly Deauville has repaired the scars of war and occupation! I personally never saw a trace of those six unhappy years, and found, indeed, added charms. The fine hotels Normandy and Royal, on the sea-front, were spick and span and full of guests, and so was the Golf hotel, where I stayed. This is a little way out of the town and stands high on the golf links, with a superb view over the sea. The food everywhere was delicious, and as Deauville is on the fringe of the rich farming district of Normandy, there was not the shortage of milk and butter which one finds in Paris.

There were several yachts in the harbour and the nearby estuary. Lord Iliffe's fine yacht *Radiant* was a little way out of Deauville, and among those staying on board were his son and daughter-in-law, the Hon. Langton and Mrs. Iliffe, Mrs. Denis Alexander and Mr. Michael Renshaw. Mr. d'Erlanger was also out there on his yacht with his wife and young family. The golf links were well patronised, many of the visitors playing over the none-too-easy eighteen holes twice a day.

IN the mornings that were blessed with brilliant sunshine, we went down for a bathe on a quiet part of the beach. On our way we looked in one morning at the fashionable

plage privée, which was an amazing sight, packed with visitors tanning themselves and displaying the latest Paris fashions in sun-suits and swim-suits, besides gaily-coloured bathing tents and umbrellas of every hue.

For those who arrive unprepared there are shops near the *plage* displaying the latest sun-suits, with shoes to match. The shops in the town were all full of tantalising goods, but beyond the purse of most visitors from this country. There is, apparently, no restriction on closing hours over there. Several of the shops around the Casino keep open until two—hoping, I presume, that lucky gamblers want to spend some of their winnings on their way home.

I WENT racing on the Saturday at the well-laid-out racecourse, which has good stands with plenty of seating accommodation (a comfort lacking on so many of the British race stands). In the paddock there, also, many people can sit on the chairs and seats under the trees or the brightly-coloured umbrellas, watching the horses parade.

On the first afternoon we watched the race for the Prix Kergolay, which was won by M. Constant Vandamme's good horse *Bey* from M. Leclercq's *Rigolo*, with M. Marcel Boussac's *Timur II*, who is entered in the Leger, third. *Bey* was third to *My Love* in the Grand Prix,

so this seems once again to emphasise the chances of My Love winning the last classic of this season if he runs at Doncaster on September 11.

The Earl of Derby had Icicle running in the Prix d'Houlgate, but was not there to see her run. He and his wife had been staying in Deauville, but had left a few days previously. After the race for the Grand Handicap de Deauville, which was won by M. Farid Hobaica's Patchouly, there was a photo finish for third place, to decide between four horses. I was interested to see that in France, when there is a photo finish for either first, second or third place, the numbers of the horses concerned are immediately put up in the frame for the convenience of backers, and remain there until the decision is given, a practice that would be greatly appreciated by racegoers in this country.

AMONG those watching the racing were M. Boussac, whose Djeddah won the last race, Mr. Charles Sweeny, with a party of American friends, Mme. Martinez de Hoz and Mrs. Herbert Blagrove with her husband, who has scored so many successes in this country with French-bred horses. Mrs. A. G. Stewart was over from Ireland, Sir Melvill and Lady Ward I saw greeting friends, also Sir William Bass, the Duc and Duchesse de Lerina, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Goldsmith, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Wellesley, Mrs. Jack Colling and M. Duëro, from Brazil.

After racing we walked across to the nearby polo ground, where we watched a British team captained by Col. Humphrey Guinness play a South American team captained by that fine player M. J. C. Alberdi, well-supported by M. Rubirosa, playing number one, M. A. Gowlan and M. J. Cernados. I was amused to see over there the groom in charge of Mr. R. Balding's ponies wearing a Black Watch kilt. His ponies, together with all the other ponies of the British team, had made the journey across the Channel by air. Baroness Edmond de Rothschild was watching her husband play in the Chantilly team in the second match, which was against the Spanish Puerta de Hierro team.

THAT night I dined at Les Ambassadeurs, which was staging a "grand gala," Le Bal de l'Ombrelle, organised by the Comtesse de la Falaise in aid of "Des Sinistres de Calvados." The Comtesse, who is a niece of the Comte Hocquart de Tuttot, lost her husband when he died in a concentration camp during the war. There were over 600 guests, of whom none sat down to dinner before 10 p.m., and many were still dining three hours later. There was a ballet and a very large floor show which lasted an hour.

Some most beautiful dresses were worn by the women guests. White predominated, as it had done in the afternoon at the races, but this time in the most exquisite satins and brocades.

From here we went into the adjacent casino, where everyone seems to meet, though not all to gamble. Sir Alfred Butt was sitting at the big table, Edana Romney, in white and platina foxes, was walking round the rooms with her husband, Mr. John Woolf, and another film-star there was Sonje Henie. Lady Irwin was sitting chatting to Major Jack Clayton, and Lady Kemsley's good-looking sister, Mme. Van der Heyden a Hanzen, was watching the play near Sir Paston and Lady Bedingfeld. Lady Margaret van Cutsem, who was on her honeymoon, was watching her husband play, and Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmith was watching Sir Henry try his luck. Others there that night were Col. and Mrs. Harry Scott, Col. and Mrs. Lockwood, who told me they had been looking round one of the studs that morning, Sir Brian and Lady Mountain, the latter in black, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Nielson, and Mr. and Mrs. Mark Ostrer.

ANOTHER night I went to the very attractively decorated Chez Brummel, which is across the road from the casino, and has a good band which plays each night until 7 a.m. Here I saw Mr. Ralph Strassburger with a party of friends, and at another table Lady Cowdray. M. Strassburger owns a big stud near Deauville, as does Mr. Kingsley Macomber, who, I heard, had received twenty-five brace of

grouse by air that day from a friend in Scotland: he will always be remembered in England as bringing off the Autumn Double one year.

On Sunday we went racing, to see the valuable Prix du Morny, which was won by M. Leon Volterra's Amour Drake from the Vicomtesse Vigier's Musette, with the easily distinguishable Boussac colours third on Coronation. This race is named after the Duc du Morny who laid out the racecourse at Deauville, which was inaugurated in August 1864, having cost about twenty million francs, a big sum in those days. The Duc, with Dr. Oliffe, who about that time was physician to the British Embassy, was largely responsible for forming a company and getting a good architect to plan Deauville as a really luxurious resort for the rich Parisians and members of the Court, who had already been lured to the lovely Normandy coast for sea-bathing. The Duc du Morny died in 1865, but his projects were carried on. Many lovely villas, a school, a church, hotels and a casino were soon built, and since then Deauville has been fashionable for both Parisian and international society during August.

Many more English visitors seemed to have flown over for Sunday's racing, and among those I saw walking in the leafy paddock were Miss Violet de Trafford, in pale blue, with Mr. Peter Beatty and the Hon. Richard Stanley, Col. Giles Loder chatting to Capt. and Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochford, Capt. and the Hon. Mrs. Philip Glover, Doris Lady Orr Lewis, who was over staying with her father, Miss Tilly Marks, in grey, and Major Jackie Ward with his school-girl daughter and little son. Also Mr. John Baillie and Mr. Jimmy Jarvis, who had been looking at horses and attending the yearling sales (where, incidentally, most animals changed hands privately and not by auction). They were chatting to their trainer, Mr. Gordon Houghton, with his wife. Near by were Lady Cecilia Johnstone, the Marquis de Casa-Trémanés, Mrs. Frances Wessel and her son David, Mr. Peter Burrell, and Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams.

We flew back to England very comfortably that evening, stopping at Eastleigh to land some of the passengers, and then I flew on with two other passengers over Hampshire and Surrey, with the sun setting, to circle Croydon in the dusk with the lights of London twinkling a great welcome home.

PRINCE BERNHARD OF THE NETHERLANDS was sitting in the flower-bedecked Royal box at the White City to watch competitors jump for the King George V. Cup at the International Horse Show. This event was won for Great Britain by that fine horseman Lt.-Col. Harry Llewellyn, on his own horse, Fox Hunter. It was an exceptionally popular win, and both horse and rider were given a tremendous cheer after the Duke of Beaufort, president of the Show and Master of the Horse to the King, had presented the prizes. The Duchess of Norfolk, in a navy-blue and white print, and Lady Charles, chic in navy blue, were also watching the show that afternoon, and they saw, besides this very high standard of jumping, the children's pony class, which was won by Miss Gillian Cuff on The Nut, a beautiful mover with the perfect manners so necessary in a child's pony; also the Ladies' Hunter Championship, which was won by Holyport, owned by Mr. Eric Wilson. This year the show really has been International, with competitors from seven different countries, and for many horse-lovers who often find the show difficult to fit in with other events in the season it was pleasant to have it so late in the year without clashing with other shows.

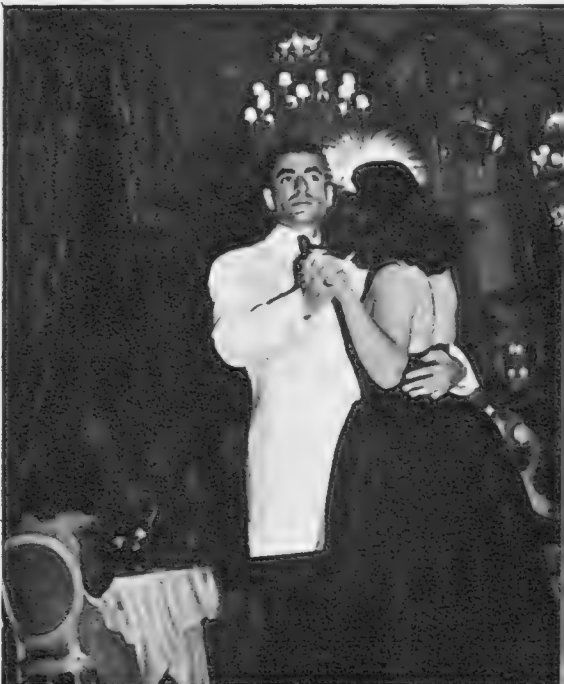
Watching the jumping for the Country Life Cup, I saw Lady Effie Millington-Drake, with her daughter Marie, Lady Orr-Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Mackintosh, and Major and Mrs. Stephen Eve, who were dining in the very comfortable Members' Stand, where one watches the judging while sitting at dinner. Dining at a nearby table I saw Major Rhidian and Lady Honor Llewellyn, who were later joined by his brother, Lt.-Col. Harry Llewellyn, after he had finished riding. Mr. "Ruby" Holland-Martin, who is one of the vice-presidents of the show, was at another table; he also had been competing in this jumping event, on one of Lt.-Col. Llewellyn's entries.



The Earl and Countess of Derby, who were married last month and have been spending their honeymoon on the Continent, talking to a friend at Deauville races



The Hon. Langton and Mrs. Iliffe, son and daughter-in-law of Lord Iliffe, with Mr. Renshaw and Mrs. Denis Alexander, daughter of Viscountess Kemsley, at the Ambassadeurs, Deauville



The Shahinshah of Persia, here seen dancing at the Ambassadeurs, was another visitor to Deauville for the races

"The Tatler" with VISITORS TO

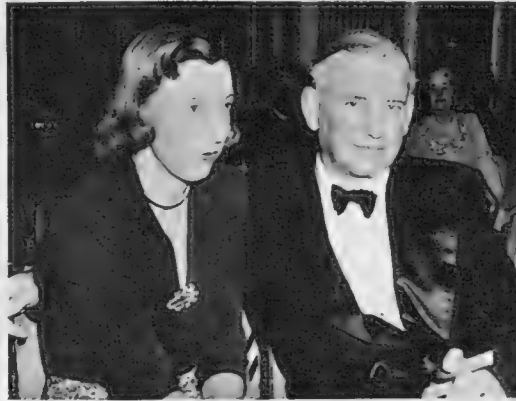
This golfer's paradise has provided
discriminating votaries of the game
with all varieties of weather



Taking their golf seriously were Master W. Robertson, Mrs. W. L. McMechan, Mr. H. B. Robertson, Mrs. H. B. Robertson, Miss Irene McMechan and Master H. Baxter Robertson. The setting for the two famous courses is considered to be the finest in Great Britain



Mr. J. Ramsay Gebbie, O.B.E., of Sunderland, and Mrs. Gebbie chatting with Capt. W. F. Dunne



Lord and Lady Balfour of Inchrye were two more visitors at Gleneagles Hotel, reopened last year



Playing tennis energetically were Miss M. Stark, Miss A. Stark, Miss S. Powell and Miss J. Peat



The Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage with her husband, Mr. Leslie Gamage, set out for some putting practice



Mr. and Mrs. L. Tori, who were two overseas visitors from Milan



Leaving to catch their train were Constance Duchess of Westminster and her husband, Capt. James Lewis



Bob Murray, caddy master and starter on the King's Course, with Archibald Dunn



Master Roger Elmhirst, Lady Elmhirst, wife of Air. Marshal Sir Thomas Elmhirst, Mlle. Gillia Dunard, Mlle. N. Firmench and Miss Caroline Elmhirst



Enjoying the sunshine were Mrs. Douglas Henshaw, Miss Mary Corfield, Mr. Douglas Henshaw and the Hon. Mrs. Corfield

GLENEAGLES

The two courses, the King's and the Queen's, have attracted a record number of distinguished visitors



Also enjoying a holiday at the hotel were Lord O'Neill, Lady Rothermere and the Hon. Fiona O'Neill



Front row: Miss J. Menzies, Miss A. Drysdale, Miss J. Hunter-Blair, Lady Hutchison of Montrose, Miss Gay Cochrane and Miss J. Menzies. Behind are Mr. C. Connell, Mr. R. Cavendish, Mr. P. Hales, Cdr. R. Hunter-Blair, Mrs. R. Hunter-Blair, Mr. Tom Wright, Mr. John Drysdale and Mr. Jim Drysdale



Elizabeth Lady Cory, Lady Robertson and Sir David Robertson, the Conservative M.P. for Streatham



Lt. the Hon. Peter Vanneck, Mrs. Bigelow Clarke and Lt. Peter Carmichael share a joke after dinner



Mr. Robert Nesbitt, the theatrical musical producer, with his wife



Lord Camrose and his third son, the Hon. Rodney Berry, on the King's Course



Mr. Neil Cameron, a visitor from Bombay, Miss M. Geddes and Major D. F. Callander



Mrs. R. McGill, Mrs. H. A. Packer, Mrs. Beverley Baxter and Lady Robertson



Mrs. J. Kincaid, Mr. J. E. Ferguson, whose horse, Airborne, won the 1946 Derby, Mrs. J. E. Ferguson, Mr. H. Gordon Ferguson, Mrs. and Mr. F. B. Moritz



Mr. and Mrs. Robin McGill, Col. Sir Frederick Stewart, D.L., J.P., of Craigmounie Castle, Dumbartonshire, and Mrs. and Mr. Geoffrey Burton

Photographs by Swaebe

Self-Profile

R. J. Minney

by R. J. Minney

One of our most successful film-producers, and with a definite bias towards the adventurous in life and art, R. J. Minney describes the influences which have guided his career. On the right are scenes from three of his best-known films: *A Place of One's Own*, *The Wicked Lady* and *The Magic Bow*

I HAVE never liked tailors' fitting-rooms—there is something of the clinic about them, less painful if the fitter is careful with his pins, but far from agreeable; and now I seem to have strayed into such a room in which, with the door barred against his intrusion, I may catch glimpses of myself in its many adjustable mirrors.

I must try to be unselfconscious. It helps, that the mirrors have the trick of transporting one through time and space, so that the first glimpse is of a boy of eight with a thick head of brown hair, lying on the floor sketching. Around are members of the family discussing something in the local paper. It appears that a poem I had furtively sent in has been published, and I am seized and kissed by aunts, extravagant in their praise. The sketch-book is peered at and genius seems to be found, not only latent but manifest, there as well. Amazing family likenesses are most generously discerned, and discussion develops on the future that must spring from such great promise.

It is suggested, somewhat illogically, that I should be a doctor (perhaps because my father was in that line); and again that, with my talent for drawing family likenesses, I would be better employed in building bridges in South America; others considered the Civil Service would be more advantageous and saw me in the fullness of time as a Colonial Governor, perhaps seated on an elephant. These widely divergent suggestions had only one thing in common—that poetry and art, however desirable as a diversion, should in no way be encouraged as a career.

A Desk in Calcutta

I SEE myself in another mirror as a lanky youth about a dozen years older. A journalist now, I am seated at a solitary desk in a spacious office in Calcutta. The dignity and pride of the old John Company house, square-fronted and porched, in the style known to us as Colonial, is mirrored in the restraint and solemnity of the newspaper, the oldest in the Empire.

Through the slats of the venetian blinds comes an oven-like heat, out of the blinding glare outside, and pricks into the skin. The intermittent efforts of the flapping *punkah* fail to dissipate it, and the fashioning of phrases for the leader on the troubled political condition in India becomes in my mind a tangled skein of words and wool. The arm of the *punkah-wallah* wobbles into stillness. The flies on the window-pane seem to be the only life stirring until, drowsily, like a sepia somnambulist, the *chaprassi* enters with a load of new books, sent us for review, and heaves them into the bucket of water on the floor by my chair.

Badly scribbled notes on soiled scraps of paper were occasionally left on my desk to warn me that I would be struck down by an unseen hand. But, unheeding, as one is in immaturity, I pursued my wanderings in the congested Indian quarter, lured by the quaintness, the colour, the weird music, and the desire to know something of the life and thoughts of these strange peoples. I found myself one day outside the offices of our bitterest opponent among Indian newspapers, the *Amrita Bazaar Patrika*, and dropped in to see the Editor, who was said to be non-existent, for editors were liable to arrest in those days for what were regarded as seditious articles, and this paper proudly proclaimed that it was edited by a ghost. I was none the less ushered into his presence. His name resembled somewhat this absurd claim, for it was Ghose, and we talked pleasantly, seated on a strip of coconut matting on the floor. The visit was referred to next

day in an article, for the most part flattering, but peppered with abuse of the policy I was supposed to represent.

The Magic Touch

MY next glimpse, over my shoulder in the adjusted mirror, is of a slightly older man, in his later twenties, seated at a huge, horseshoe-shaped desk in a newspaper office in Fleet Street. The paper is the *Daily Express*, and I see myself struggling with an entirely unfamiliar form of news production, for which the influences derived from my historical studies at King's in London, my leaders for *The Englishman* in Calcutta, my representation of *The Times* in India, and my reviews for *The Spectator* here in no way fitted me. But I acquired slowly, and a little painfully, a new outlook and understanding, which has been powerfully apparent in much of my subsequent work—to some extent in the books, less noticeable, perhaps, in the plays, but clearly discernible in most of my films.

This was the popular touch. It made me think less exclusively of the small and scattered packs of the cultured, and more consciously of the masses whose numbers ran into millions. Our aim was carefully sighted on the "cabman's wife" (as they called her), placed right in the heart of the bull's-eye; every phrase was simplified for her understanding and a glitter of brightness was infused into the headlines.

A New World

WHEN I went into films I tried to recover some of the earlier strands to weave into the screened version of Osbert Sitwell's enchanting short novel, *A Place of One's Own*. If in some measure I succeeded, it is largely because of the author's ready co-operation and the sets designed for us by Rex Whistler. This was just before D-Day. I remember Rex, in the armoured section of the Welsh Guards (a surprising choice, as a short journey in a car made him ill), coming to the studio from a lecture, with a book for his notes, but filled with the most attractive doodles, with not a note among them. After only half-a-dozen designs had been done for the film, he had to move on with his regiment. I suggested that I might apply for leave of absence for a few weeks so that the work might be completed, but Rex wouldn't hear of it. "We might be going into action," he said very quietly, "and I could not let anyone else die for me." I admired his nobility of spirit and was stunned when a few days later we learned of his death in Normandy.

Long before this, when I was editing *The Sunday Referee*, both Osbert and Edith Sitwell were frequent contributors; Edith caustic and witty in her sketches of contemporary personalities, Osbert interpreting current events, not in the mood of the passing hour, but fitting each incident into a judicious perspective of past, present and future, and relating—as did Bertrand Russell, H. G. Wells, Aldous Huxley, Ellen Wilkinson, and sometimes Bernard Shaw—the seemingly impermanent to the eternal truths.

These are the main glimpses I catch of myself in the mirrors. Of the influences that in the intervening years shaped my outlook of the voices that came before dawn in chant and narrative in Allahabad, filling my senses with a Chaucerian awareness as pilgrims strode and rode to the meeting of the Ganges and the Jumna for the Kumbh mela, of the hectic breathlessness of weeks in Hollywood, of my own pilgrimage to literary and other shrines in Europe, there isn't space to tell here. But they shaped those images we saw and tint this article now.





Josette Day, the music-hall star, sailing into the room in a floral boat drawn by a giant swan, at the climax of the Lido floor show in the Champs Elysées. An example of the spectacles with which Paris is entertaining her visitors during the most prosperous tourist season since the war

Priscilla in Paris Twopenny Treat

THE LITTLE MAN, at time of writing, seems to be getting away with it, but "will he be able to keep it up?" is the question of the somewhat discouraged citizen with empty pockets. The Little Man is an orator, and perhaps he is also a magician, for he gives the impression of hypnotising his hearers. To hold the members of the French Assembly in spellbound silence for an hour and a half, as he did the day I heard him speak, is an achievement in itself. I sat in the visitors' gallery and marvelled. The deputies looked either glum, jubilant or ferocious, according to the nuance of their various political opinions, but they also looked anxious, and this, at least, is salutary.

What would be more salutary still would be to park them, one and all, from the Little Man himself to the least important of the *rousseurs*, with middle-class families for a month. Let them all live the lives of small home-builders with no money for Black Market and no friends with farms in the country to dispatch hampers. Send them out every day with Madame and her string-bag to deal with the arrogance of tradesmen, the discourtesy of all minor functionaries who dispense *les tickets* (known as "coupons" or "points" in England), and the general inadequacy of all the public services. It would be so wonderful, and the start of a new era, if the leaders of this beautiful country could realise what the people they are supposed to lead and help (and who pay for *their* ortolans) are up against. Small things, perhaps, but they are a matter of decent living to so many.

As we left the Assembly I heard a charming, but very bored, little lady say to the journalist who had escorted her there: "He reminds me of Charles Chaplin . . . but *en moins drôle!*" Of course, I can only surmise to whom she referred.

The high cost of living is as boring as it is a well-worn and inescapable topic of conversation. So, for a change, let it be

recorded that last Sunday I was able to stroll about the pleasant grounds of the Casino at Enghien-les-Bains, watch the gay little sail-boats and gnat-hunting swallows skim over the lake, and listen to the concert given by an orchestra of some twenty players in the neat cream and gold theatre of the *établissement*, all this for the vast sum of . . . "tuppence" (ten francs).

For some time I had been intrigued by the attractive posters one sees in the Paris Metro extolling the waters of Enghien (seven miles from Paris and an excellent train and motor-bus service), the gaiety of the Casino, concerts, musical comedies, plays, dances and fireworks, and the joys of boating on the lake. There are also gambling-rooms, where baccarat is played, and hence, of course, the small cost of the more simple joys that are patronised by the dwellers of that neat little suburb; the shopkeepers, the working people who have their season ticket to Paris every day, and the queer old bachelors and spinsters who live in the numerous boarding-houses that surround the lake. These posters, rather like those old-fashioned letter-heads of certain shops and hotels, give the impression of grandeur and immensity while, in reality . . .

Ten francs for a concert and a blow on the lake, to say nothing of the exciting possibility of losing one's step-ins at "bac," is something that seems hardly possible these days, and that has to be seen—once—to be credited.

ON the way there—one leaves Paris by the Porte de Clichy and takes *route nationale* No. 310—I stopped "Miss Chrysler" outside the dogs' cemetery that stands on a little island in the middle of the Seine and can be entered *via* the bridge at Clichy. Rin-tin-tin, the famous wolf-dog of silent-film days, is buried there, and, surely, all the British dogs who have pined and died in exile, if one may judge by the names of Fido, Towser, Darling,

Toby. . . . There are tiny, grey, moss-covered tombstones dating from the 'eighties, modern slabs of rose granite, and also a few weed-covered mounds, but I like to think that these mean that master and dog have met again in some happy hunting-ground. There are weeping willows and tangled masses of climbing rose-trees still in bloom. On either side of the garden the river flows, green and sluggish there, between narrow banks. It is a peaceful spot.

AT the opening night of the revival of an old, bewhiskered but vastly amusing farce, *Les Surprises du Divorce*, at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, I met many pale-visaged Parisians "passing through" from Normandy on their way to the Riviera in search of more continuous sunshine. Maurice Chevalier, whose lovely villa at La Ciotat, on the outskirts of Cannes, has housed so many visitors from Hollywood during August, writes me that they vow there isn't a pin to choose between *his* sunshine and the Californian brand. He cannot make me envious. I hear that down on my Island the local chemist has run out of oil and everyone is wearing, with delight, "the shadowed livery of the burnished sun."

Voilà!

● Friends who have sedulously "done" all the autumn dress shows are wondering who can afford to buy the gorgeous creations that are to be seen. The answer to this, in one case, is easy: the wife of a little tradesman who sold umbrellas at Deauville this summer.



Lt.-Col. H. M. Llewellyn, O.B.E., riding Fox Hunter in the hotly-contested King George V. Gold Challenge Cup, which he won



Col. F. F. Wing (U.S. Army), who tied for second place in the King George V. Cup with M. d'Orgeix (France), taking a fence on Totilla



Miss Pat Smythe, another British entrant for one of the most prized of all jumping trophies, competing on Finality



The parade of the Chiddingfold and Leconfield foxhounds on the first afternoon was a colourful interlude which aroused a great deal of enthusiasm. Seven other packs of foxhounds and beagles also paraded during the week



THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW

One of the finest displays of equitation ever seen in the U.K., was the general verdict on this event at the White City. Entries and attendance alike reached record proportions, and the quality and performance of the British horses were superb



Mr. Robert Carter on Kalos K'Agthos competing in the first Jumping Competition



Capt. G. H. Rich, from Aldershot, taking Quicksilver over the hog's-back jump



Alan Oliver jumping on Silver Mint for the "Horse and Hound" Challenge Cup



Maureen Styles jumping on her No Limit in the final of the Juvenile Jumping on the second day



Another competitor in the Juvenile Jumping, Peter Evans, looks back to see that Pat is clear



A helicopter effect by Dandy Bee, entered by Mr. Tom Barnes, in the Juvenile Jumping



The Duke of Beaufort, President of the Show, presenting the King George V. Gold Cup to Lt.-Col. Llewellyn



Miss S. Colmer with Mr. A. E. Way's Tony of Nairdwood, on which she won the Juvenile Jumping competition



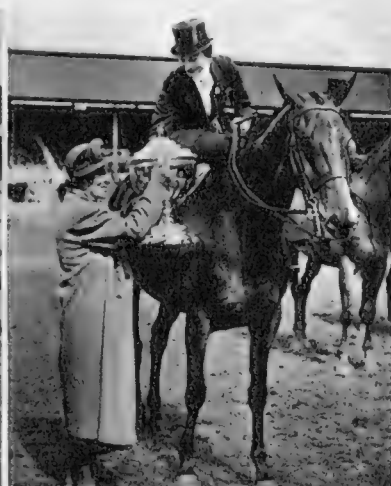
Mrs. R. Cooke receiving the Challenge Cup for Weight-Carrying Cobs from the Hon. C. G. Cubitt, D.S.O.



Miss P. Nesfield taking a fence on Thomas during the first day's jumping



Gillian Cuff, aged eight, after winning the Children's Riding class on Mrs. K. Cuff's The Nut



Frances Lady Daresbury presenting the Ladies' Hunter Championship trophy to Mrs. David Bourne on Holyport



Alan Oliver, of Aylesbury, who won the Jumping Competition No. 1, Section A, with an excellent performance



Miss Jill Frost making a fine jump on the brown mare Susie



Miss Mary Whitehead going over a jump on Greylight dislodges a few bricks



Miss E. J. Delfosse taking one of the jumps on her Black Knight



Some of the yachts which took part coming in to their moorings. The winners in this very successful regatta were, International 6-metre, Lt.-Col. J. E. Harrison's Marietta; 30-square metre, Cdr. and Mrs. Malleson's Cin-Que; Dragons, Mr. J. M. Sebag-Montefiore's Snapper; and Solent Sunbeams, Mrs. H. Dreyfus's Girl Friday

THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE REGATTA

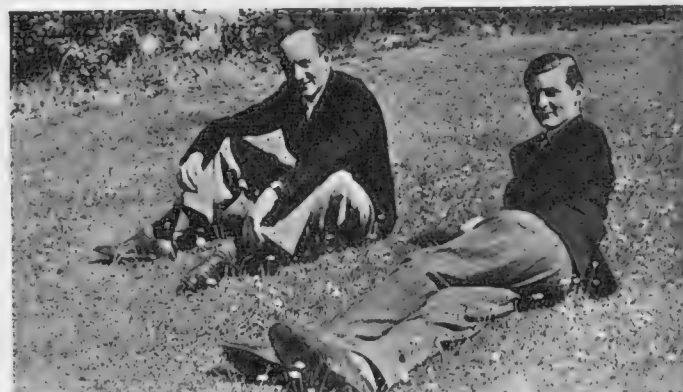
Solent Classes Race at Warsash, near Southampton



Miss Mary Needham, Miss Veronica Haynes and Mrs. Hamish Forbes getting ready for a day's sailing. Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh are members of the Household Brigade Yacht Club



Mr. Charles Farrell with Countess Cathcart, wife of the sixth Earl, enjoying the sunshine on the club-house lawn



Col. R. A. Spencer and Mr. Harry Spencer were also among those who combined the pleasures of the sea and country



Mr. Jim Simonds, Mr. Vivian Loyd, Mrs. Gilbert Denham and Major Hamish Forbes setting out for the racing, which was very keen in all classes



"... might well break the spirit of a Vermeer"

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

QUEEN ELIZABETH stayed here in 1566," observed a Fleet Street boy reverently of a Buckinghamshire manor advertised to be let unfurnished. More exciting would have been the remark: "Queen Elizabeth never stayed here, for some reason."

One place where that woman undoubtedly stayed is the Frewens' seat near Northiam, Sussex, where she left behind a pair of tight green silk shoes; evidently suffering at the time not only from the disability mentioned laughingly by Brantôme but from what orthopaedic surgeons call hot plates, or the Old Dog-Trouble. There is also one great house in the North where Slogger Cromwell, another great stayer, undoubtedly stayed. They still preserve the noble oak table on which he slept, in the middle of the hall, with sword and loaded pistols by his side, being terrified all his life of assassination, as is well known.

Harmless Whigs over whom the Slogger exercises a sinister fascination today don't care to be reminded of this, we find. It's the Overman (*Uebermensch*) those mice worship; the hero of Drogheda, the chap who settled an Army grievance on a big parade by shooting the N.C.O. presenting the petition through the head, *bing*, and who sold fifteen hundred Scots prisoners of war to the Guinea slave-trade. Action! Action! (Old Liberal Party squeak.)

Whoopee

THAT incident (*vide* Press) of the holidaying Peterborough citizen who booked for a "mystery tour" in Hunstanton and found himself back in Peterborough, and inside the cathedral, for the first time in his life, is a timely reminder of what may happen to you if you go to Hunstanton.

But the tourist life is full of shocks, and we recall particularly a striking example in a notorious Montmartre hell-diver, crammed with breathless Nordics watching local Apaches going through their nightly routine, by arrangement with the Agence Dupont. Appalled by a sinister mopsy performing the *danse du ventre* on a table, a censorious New England matron turned to a haggard young native in the corner and said in halting French: "Young man, whatever would your mother think if she saw you in a place like this?" to which the young man replied sadly "That is Mother."

Sensation, so to speak; yet, after all, nothing compared to that provided in due course by the bill.

Vrouw

VERMEER, Rembrandt, De Hoogh, and the other boys would have found more intricate anatomical problems facing them, we thought, had Dutch mothers of their time gone in for winning the Women's 80-Metres

Hurdles at the Olympic Games, a matter still perturbing us.

Those barge-built vrouws they painted were strictly static. This meant that their leg and other muscles were immovable, whereas the muscles of over-trained athletic mothers often slip, as is well known, and are found in unexpected nooks and corners. As the poet observes:

Biceps in unusual places
Cloud with grief the gentlest faces;
Stomach-muscles in one's shoes
Must the stoutest heart confuse;
Mother, when the pistol goes, is
One huge lump of ankylosis.

The effort involved in tracing a married lady sprinter's muscles to their final hiding-place might well break the spirit of a Vermeer, who never bothered over muscles anyway. And what of the anguish of her little ones, already bewildered and upset by her gymnasium-work?



"A sinister mopsy performing the danse du ventre"

See, from yon ropes a mother swings!
Red as a rose in June;
And O, an infant heart it wrings
To think, if she can do such things,
So can the Big Baboon,
(Boo, hoo)
So can the Big Baboon.

Verses from Tennyson, *A Dream of Tough Women*.

Lesson

FIFTEEN-HUNDRED-TON white-and-gold luxury yachts costing £350,000 to build—like the *Iolaire*, lately sold for a song to the ship-breakers—had one completely perfect background, namely Monte Carlo on a still blue morning, with somebody like Solly Joel leaning imperially over the rail, completing the picture like Whistler's butterfly signature.

An impressive sight, against the dazzling green-and-white backcloth of Monaco. Yet the time for a true philosopher to view such yachts was out at sea, when the fickle Mediterranean turned cold and dark and menacing, and huge dirty-grey waves threshing under a sinister sky tossed the rich to and fro—these expensive craft often roll like the devil in any sort of sea—like bugs in a barrel. Then on the wind came the cry of à Kempis. "*Quis est qui habet omnia* . . . ?"—"Who is there that hath all things according to his will?" And back came the answer in the flying spray: "Neither I, nor thou, nor Lord Boopus, nor the Maharajah of Dhirtipore, nor Sir Izzy Goldenkrantz, nor any other mogul now suffering hideous discomfort yonder on the bitter wave." Which is always consoling. No offence.

Halo

A THUG who recently beat an old lady silly and stole her money turned out to have an outstanding war record, and we can never understand the shocked surprise with which some of our Fleet Street brethren record such discoveries. Heroes can be perfect stinkards, as everybody knows.

The best handling of this satiric fact we recall occurs in a short story by James Thurber called *The Greatest Man in the World*, in which America's national hero, a kind of super-Lindbergh, turns out to be such an impossible little tough from Iowa that he has to be pushed accidentally by a quickwitted official out of a ninth-storey window, in the presence of the President of the United States and his entourage. National mourning ensues, but the situation is saved.

One or two of the Race's national idols might have been pushed out of high windows likewise to everyone's advantage, we often think. Does this healing thought grieve you? Cheerily, cullies!

Il n'est de vulgaire chagrin
Que celui d'une âme vulgaire. . . .

Words addressed by the Muse to Alfred de Musset in a fit of tears. Rough paraphrase: "Wipe your nose, boy, and remember you're a gentleman."

Caballeria

ONLY flight can overcome Love, remarked Don Quixote. But that Hidalgo never fled from a woman in distress, as we know. Nor do the Critics' Circle boys, even when asked to contribute to that £5000 fund just launched, very rightly, to enable a girl film-critic to take a libel-case against Hollywood to the Lords.

Castilian chivalry is not merely a habit with the Circle boys, it is a passion. On the entry of a girl member into the Circle the gay stories are immediately hushed. Every glass is raised in homage. Many members rise impulsively from their armchairs. Others, visibly affected, pace to and fro with shining eyes. At annual dinners the toast of "The Ladies!" is often followed, after a pause, by a husky voice remarking "God bless 'em!" or some such words. We know three leading critics who would instantly dower a woman wronged, or in distress, with anything they've got except anything they've got.

You ask how we know these things. We remind you of our all-too-brief engagement as a waiter at the Circle in the 1930's, through Joe's Agency. An unforgettable experience, marred only by the niggard behaviour of Scotland Yard (Special Survey, Bureau C 7.) Those dicks apparently expect one to work for love.

The decorations are by A. J. Gregory, in the absence of Wysard—on holiday.



Officers and Squadron Ratings of No. 1832 R.N.V.R. Air Squadron at the first post-war summer training camp held at the R.N. Air Station, Cudrose, Cornwall. The Squadron is equipped with Seafire 46s, Seafire 17s and Harvards. During the fortnight practice bombing and firing were carried out, as well as flying exercises. Lt.-Cdr. (A) I. P. Godfrey, O.B.E., R.N.V.R., the Commanding Officer, is in the front row, under the propeller boss. On his right is Lt. R. G. Robertson, D.S.C., R.N., Lt. (A) A. Sachnovsky, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., Lt. (A) H. K. Quilter, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., and Lt. (A) C. R. Jeffs, R.N.V.R. On his left are Lt. (A) G. McC. Rutherford, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., Lt. (A) G. R. Wilcocks, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., Lt. (A) A. R. Michie, R.N.V.R., Lt. (A) T. O. Adkin, R.N.V.R., Lt. (A) P. J. Robins, R.N.V.R., and Lt. H. Chapman, R.N.

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

THE opposition to My Love in the Leger market still persists, and it is not very easy to divine what is behind it. Some of the vigilant pickets must have seen something that most of us have missed; or is it, on the other hand, just that quaint, uncontrollable impulse which compels some natures to crab any good performance and do all that they can to persuade us that (a) it was a fluke, or (b) that, if something else had been at its best, the victory would never have happened?

We need not restrict ourselves to the Turf in our search for this thing. Let X do anything meritorious in the worlds of Art, Literature, the Drama, and so forth, and we find the crabbers at once out in swarms with one knife in their teeth and one in each hand—and they are all sharp, and some of them are poisoned. You can even notice this thing in foxhounds! Sometimes they are as jealous as the worst possible aggregation of vinegar cats. It must impose an exhausting existence upon all those who cannot abide to witness the success of somebody else. To those not afflicted by the smallest of all human vices, this thing is never comprehensible.

What the French Say

IN the Prix de la Pelouse Free Handicap, published towards the end of July, the assessor placed My Love 15 lbs. below Arbar, that being 2 lbs. more than weight for age. Can this be the reason for the set some "Doubting Thomases" have made against the Derby and Grand Prix winner, or is it merely that peculiar thing, the Uncontrollable Impulse to decry any success?

Supposing the French Handicapper is right, and My Love is 2 lbs. worse than weight for age to Arbar, can anyone fairly name any three-year-old anywhere who is any nearer to this well-dug-in strong-point? If the answer is "No," or just "We think," then there is no evidence as good as that afforded us by The Book. Many people saw My Love win the Derby, and how little he was troubled by the runner-up, Royal Drake (6 lbs. below him in this Prix de la Pelouse Free Handicap); not so many on this side of the Channel saw him win the 1 mile 7 furlongs Grand Prix, but those who did have confirmed the Press reports that he did it with "a bone in his mouth."

What is the answer? You and I saw what a nice hold W. R. Johnstone, this crack Australian, had of him in the Derby; in the Grand Prix the Press reports from Longchamps said: "There was not the least doubt about My Love winning the Grand Prix de Paris yesterday [June 27th], and he galloped resolutely throughout to beat M. Robert Forget's Flush Royal a length-and-a-half, with the French Derby winner, M. Constance Vandamme's Bey, another half-a-length away third of fourteen." "My Love had the race in his pocket more

than a quarter of a mile from home." (A friendly observer of my own.) Johnstone waited with him in this race and he did the same in the Derby, in which Royal Drake was allowed to lead until 100 yards from the post; then My Love came and swamped him, never having been one yard out of his ground. It was a beautifully-ridden race, and I wish I had seen the other one at Longchamps. I think the danger at Doncaster might be Black Tarquin, but, frankly, it is difficult to see any threat from anywhere else.

Two More Books on Riding

IF there is anyone to-day who reads Shakespeare he will recall that the luckless Mercutio ascribed his loss of the pool in his encounter with the fiery Tybalt to the fact that that gentleman fought "by the booke of arithmeticke." Tybalt got his man right enough, only to be done in himself by an absolute amateur, young Romeo, who must have been a natural-born swordsman. He spitted the arithmetician in two shakes of a duck's tail. I take leave to believe that the same thing applies where horsemanship is concerned. If it is not there, all the books, all the sages and all the lectures will not put it there. This applies most particularly to "hands." You can no more teach them than you can make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, no matter how talented a professor you may be.

I should have thought that it was quite impossible to find anything new to say about

equitation; yet books continue to pour forth. Two have just been sent to me, and I know that more are coming. The two books are published almost simultaneously by Messrs. Constable, and are *Let's Learn to Ride*, by Major-General Geoffrey Brooke (formerly the Scarlet Lancers), 7s. 6d., and *Equitation and Horsemanship*, by Major D. MacL. Macmillan, Indian Army (ret'd.), 12s. 6d. Most people who ride and hunt are well aware of how thoroughly General Brooke knows his subject, and after reading Major Macmillan's book, I am convinced that he is equally well-read, but as has just been said, how difficult to find anything that has not been said many times before. Both these authors are very good lecturers, but when we get down to the hard facts, there is only one real professor, the one with four legs, and the more the student sees of him, good, bad and indifferent, the better will be his grounding. Naturally, much can be done by the man who is capable of saying: "Do as I do!" but the real teacher is the horse. "Gentleman" Hayes collected everything that had ever been written about riding and stable management, and boiled it down very adroitly, but on a horse . . . he just was not built that way. His books are claimed as standard works.

These two authors I know can demonstrate. Some people are unteachable, either by reason of their physical conformation, or owing to their belief that no one can teach them anything, and neither variety ought ever to be allowed to go near a horse. There are others, of course, who are the right material. The first essentials, in my very humble opinion, are elastic wrists and an elastic waist. They are fundamentals. You can do nothing with a graven image, on or off a horse.

The Unseeing Eye

IN these times when Abigail is at a premium, the harried housewife perforce collects many things which, in the times we called normal, she would not have chosen. The Conversational Lady's Help who "kindly obliges" for a salary much in excess of that of any highly-trained hospital nurse, is one of the things quite often found in the trawl. A good story comes my way from the heart of England. After the "Lady" had finished her customary flick round with a feather brush, she cast up in the Chate-laine's little study, where she was busy writing her morning's letters, and burst forth: "I seen a pitcher of you what had your name on it on the stairs. Not a good likeness, I don't think!" The date on the painting was 1565.

This almost beats the case of the Major Domo, who was in charge of the arrangements, trains, etc., for the obsequies of a distinguished person, and who at the bottom of the card sent to the sorrowing guests put this: "Luncheon suitable to the solemnity of the occasion will be provided." Presumably baked meats?

BRIGGS—by Graham



EMMWOOD'S WARRIOR WARBLERS

(NO. 14)

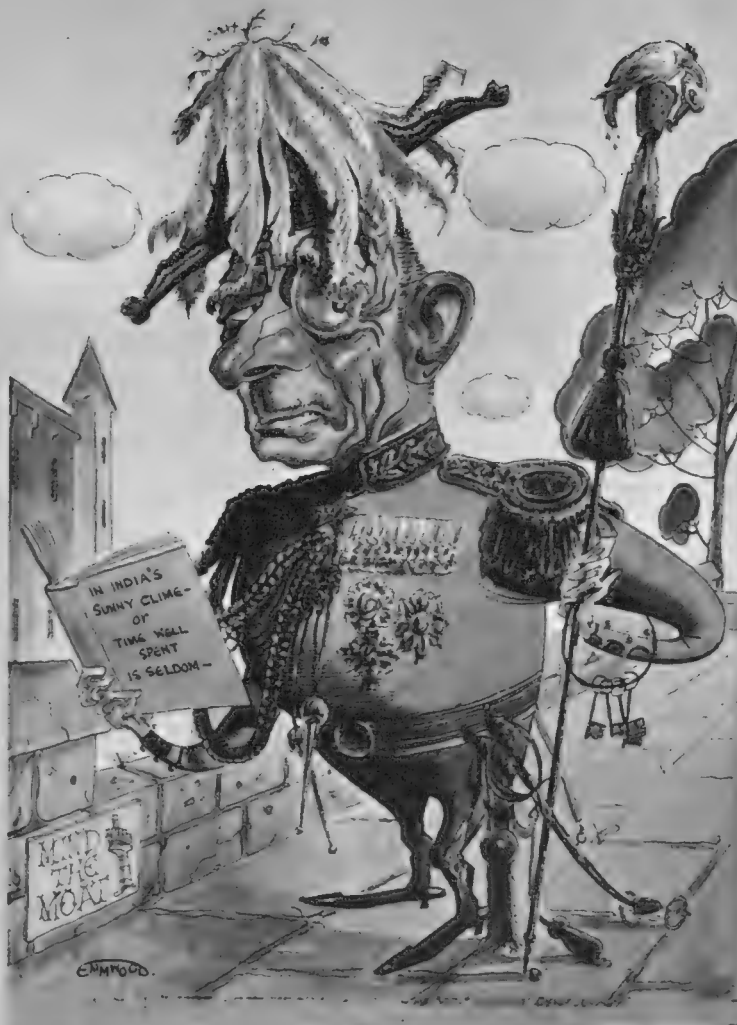
A bird that has of late ceased to roost in the wide open spaces and has curiously taken a sudden liking to dark and bloodstained corridors

ADULT MALE: General colour above bronze, crested with ornate growth of lank feathers: the latter quite often impairing the bird's sense of direction during inclement weather: tufted above the eye-sacs, below the beak and to the rear of the mandibles; with ashy-fulvous growths; body feathers scarlet, ornately furbelowed with gilded growths at the primary extremities; shanks spindly, and black: neatly striped in scarlet at outer edges; feet black and patently nimble.

HABITS: The Greater Plumed Billi-Cock is a most tricky little bird, especially when active in the more arid areas of North Africa: As Signor Cortin Thebagatmatroo, the well-known Italian authority on this bird, points out: "Having been informed that the bird was to be found, in small numbers, in the canal zone, I made great haste to surprise it upon its nest: but, I had not yet arisen from my bed when the bird descended upon me in such large numbers, from another direction, that I was lucky to escape from its angry peckings in my night attire."

Of late months the bird has taken to blocking up keyholes in the more important doorways of London's ancient piles and keeps: and has evolved a certain penchant for dabbling in the brighter baubles that may be found, by digging, in South Africa.

HABITATS: Although the Plumed Billi-Cock nested in India for a great number of years, it was never able, apparently, to settle to any great extent in those parts. It may be seen, if the observer be lucky enough, darting hither and thither, in its gorgeous plumes; around and about the most sanguinary of London's ancient monuments.



The Greater Plumed Billi-Cock—or King's Key-Keeper

(Dammitur-Ablawstedchorckidar)

Scoreboard

SEPTEMBER. Most beautiful of months; by nature and, so the poets say, by its prophetic and interesting melancholy. "The breath of winter comes from far away." More comfortable, too, September, than August, which fuses and drips its life along crowded corridors, in train, hotel, or where you will. Time, at last, for a little proper reflection; as one mirror said to the other when camp was struck in the nudist colony.

SO, let's look back, but not lingeringly, at the soi-disant summer, and talk a little, moderately tender Turkey. Text for the five-minute sermon is: "It's better to have played and lost than never to have played at all." And don't tell me you've read that one in Ella Wheeler Wilcox or John Milton. For you won't see it again till I break it up into 14 lines of one word each and bind it in Demi-Octavo Morocco (Jade) at two guineas a go and slap it into the pop-eyed judges for a Nobel Prize in 1955.

But it is better; to have played, etc., etc., as above. And in "playing," include running and jumping; forwards, upwards, sideways, downwards, and even backwards; also include rolling and bowling and pitching any ball or ball-like object. The Olympic Games were a huge success. Not a howling success; because, first, it wasn't, as the Americans say, our time to howl, and, secondly, there was a refreshing and unprecedented absence of howls from one country just because another country had run too fast or jumped too well or hit too hard. A huge success, and a fairly silent success. England can

still do it; and do it a damn sight better than anyone else. (*New Statesman and Nation*, please copy.)

IN Big Golf, the set-up is rather dreary. In the "Open," the one and only Henry Cotton appended a sparkling epilogue to the story he began at Sandwich in 1934 and continued in a



Carnoustie gale in 1937. Great stuff. And there may yet be a P.S. from Henry. But the High Hats of U.S.A. pro. golf don't come here nowadays, because, so they nearly say, it's not worth their while even to win our Open. If they finished second or third, I suppose they'd cry themselves to sleep or apply for apartments in a monastery. Perhaps they've forgotten that we'd like to have them over here just for their own and old time's sakes. Because we like them, and admire their skill, and want to see them and it, and would love a chat with them of an evening, even if only over an electric fire and a glass of Congo sherry.

So, come along, please, next summer. Take a rest from Dollar the Demon; shake hands again with that obsolete but kindly old Fairy

King, the Pound. He'll be tickled, quite to death, to have you share his cobweb palace.

LAWN TENNIS. And I don't mean the happy sort, where you use a fishing-net that was run up in George V.'s reign and tennis balls inscribed, on the third layer, down, with the initials of the chap who owns the garden next but one on the right. I mean Wimbledon, for one. I saw the Final between America's Falkenburg and Australia's Bromwich; and, as to standard, it was a pretty lousy Final, too; anyhow to one who saw Bill Tilden in his prime, and such artists as Lacoste, Cochet, Borotra, Crawford and Perry, and takes the Doherty brothers as read, for greatness.

Bromwich had the match in the mouth of the bag. Never mind that. Mind more that if he'd won he'd have been good enough to play for Australia in the Davis Cup. He lost through two mistakes of 3 ins. each. So he was six inches short of playing for Australia. Funny world, isn't it?

CRICKET. Well, on the Bromwich system, England were 24 hours of rain at Manchester and one leg-spin bowler at Leeds short of being two matches all after the Fourth Test.

So there you are. Make what you like of it. As Picasso said when he showed Epstein his latest picture.

R.C. Robertson-Jasgar.

Elizabeth Bowen's

Book Reviews

SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S *Catalina* (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.) is a romance, set in sixteenth-century Spain. The heroine becomes a celebrity at sixteen—she is the subject of a miracle. She remains a celebrity, into her later life, for a different reason: she is a famous actress. Her honeymoon is supervised by Don Quixote; she is on speaking terms with the Inquisition, in the person of the Bishop of Segovia—who during his ten-year term of

office as Inquisitor of Valencia had celebrated thirty-seven Autos da Fé. And, though neither she nor the reader who follows her fortunes actually meets Saint Teresa (by now dead for some time), *Catalina* enjoys the patronage of a lady who had known and intensely disliked the saint.

This book begins tensely, grimly, and ends with the erratic charm of a fairy-tale. One has the feeling that Mr. Somerset Maugham

thoroughly enjoyed writing it; that he concentrated his imagination, pleasurably, on Spain, on the particular epoch, on the sometimes naïve, sometimes complex but always passionate characters it bred, and that he then leaned back, shut his eyes, dipped his pen deep in the ink-pot and said: "Here goes!"

* * *

By this, I do not mean that the story is irresponsibly conducted—what story of his could be?—but, rather, that here we have an intensely professional writer for once playing, giving himself a treat. Here there is none of the laxity of a day-dream, but there is the vividness. He invites us into a coloured, sinister world—blazing skies and hushed, cold cloisters; conspirators whispering in inner chambers, lovers whispering between window-bars. There is comedy—the attempt to acquire *Catalina* as a sort of show-piece for the convent after her miraculous cure—and terror: the twisted memories of the ex-Inquisitor. And there is a picaresque gaiety about the end, where *Catalina* and Diego ride away together over the sun-baked landscape, free of the threatening shadow of city walls.

Catalina's tragedy, at the start, is a simple but apparently final one—she has been knocked down and trampled on in a side-street, during a feast day, by an escaped bull: she is paralysed, from the waist down, for life. For life? We first see her weeping and praying: is her sentence never to be remitted? Her injury has cost her her lover—no working-man (she explains to the gracious lady who, in the church, suddenly stands beside her) can afford a useless wife. The cripple has no future: no, now *Catalina's* beauty avails her nothing.

* * *

It is the mysteriously-worded promise of the miracle which brings *Catalina* across the Bishop's path. The situation is delicate in the extreme: *Catalina's* own interests are negligible compared to the major issues involved. Between the Prioress, who is manœuvring the young cripple's affairs, and the Inquisitor-Bishop exists a long-ago buried, always unspoken love. The meeting and conversation between those two are as good as anything in the story. We have entered a world, it must be recalled, in which manners are perfect but nobody stops at anything.

The central conflict in *Catalina* is that between the young girl, all warmth and temperament, and the Prioress, Doña Beatriz, all ice and will. We know Doña Beatriz' story, though her obstinate protégée does not: it had been frozen despair, a defeat in love, which had years ago made her embrace the religious life. How, consequently, will she react towards *Catalina*, towards the girl's mulish determination to rejoin her lover now she is cured? Anxiously, we watch the scales of decision tremble: which way are they to tip?

Those who like their romances luscious may be disconcerted by *Catalina*. Lusciousness is not to be expected of Mr. Somerset Maugham. Instead, we have a sort of stylish excitement, an underlying kindness to youth and love, and an uncanny insight into the Spanish mind.

* * *

"A CANDLE FOR ST. JUDE" (Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.) also hinges on conflict between an older woman and a young girl who have, fundamentally, only too much in common. This is the latest novel of Rumer Godden's; and I think it in many ways bids to be her best. Miss Godden could hardly have chosen a better theme than a ballet-school: her peculiar sense of beauty and feeling for atmosphere come into full play. Best of all,



Elephant and the Little Panda, an illustration from *In His Little Black Waistcoat to India*, by Joan Kiddell-Monroe (Longmans; 7s. 6d.), a charmingly-written story for children. It tells how Little Panda and The Boy travel from their native China to India by stowing away in a camel caravan, and only return home after many extraordinary adventures. This simple story is made the occasion for drawings, also by the author, of unusual imaginative quality and sensitiveness of line

she has hit on a situation compact with drama—and what a dramatic novelist she is!

Mme. Holbein, directress and owner of the small, famous school, is an aged ex-ballerina who has known what it is to have the world at one's feet. At sixty-seven, she is a genius-egotist, whose still-burning passion for her art expresses itself, nowadays, in teaching. Madame runs everyone ragged—her staff, her pupils, her adoring and patient sister-in-law, Miss Ilse. It is typical of her to have selected for her school this old, impossible house in Hampstead,

Here is Madame, rigid and sleepless all through a night:

She thought of herself in the photograph downstairs, that dancer with the ringlets, and other early photographs: the one with the marguerites that was to go into the foyer, the Odile in the black tutu she had innovated, in Armide, in Thamar . . . all with the same grace of arms and neck and head, the straight beauty of the legs, the face with its iridescent eyes. "Oil me," thought Madame, and found again that she was thinking of Hilda.

"This . . . this double memory," cried Madame. Life was exceedingly treacherous. Alone? Alone in winter? Nothing was alone, by itself. She could not remember in peace any more than she could be angry in peace. Everything, everyone, everything, insisted on being with something or somebody else. When she wished to think about herself, she thought of Lollies and Hildas. It was provoking . . .

It was very quiet. Time seemed to be suspended in the house but, if she listened, she could hear the clocks ticking, her Swiss clock that she had not bought in Switzerland but in New York, and her Dresden clock that she had not bought in Dresden but in Paris. They had begun to tick in Berne and Dresden as they ticked here, now, in London; as they had ticked in Paris and New York and all over the world: London, Paris, Dresden, Berlin, Petrograd, Milan, Madrid, Johannesburg, Cape Town, Sydney, Adelaide, Brisbane, Buenos Aires, Rio, Francisco, New York. She saw the labels that were pasted to the slips on the dress baskets. She saw Miss Ilse pasting them freshly on again and again, pinkish labels printed Ballet Holbein in large letters. . . .

"Hilda! Hilda! Hilda!" ticked the clocks. "Time passes, but that is what it doesn't do," said Madame. "It goes on and on for ever. You cannot get away from it." She leaned back in the chair and closed her eyes.

This is a book about genius. And genius, I think, is itself present in many parts of the writing—as a fellow-novelist, for instance, I am in awe of Miss Godden's power of bringing her characters to life, of giving them not only clear-cut physical identity, but an urgent kind of internal force. Hilda is a masterpiece: we feel her, not only as a disobliging, vehement young girl, but as a very great dancer emerging from the sheath of youth.

As a word-painter, Miss Godden excels, too, in her pictures of the ballet. . . . I will not reveal the reason for the title of *A Candle for St. Jude*, because to do that would be to give away the plot, which remains exciting up to the last page.

"I LOVE MISS TILLI BEAN" (Robert Hale; 10s. 6d.) is a sophisticatedly artless novel by Ilka Chase, author of *In Bed We Cry*. Miss Chase, I note from the wrapper, is known as "the minx in pink"—actually, she is a far more unaffected writer than her titles and her publicity might suggest. Miss Tilli Bean's story is told in the first person, and you have to like her: she starts life as a little Quaker girl in Pennsylvania, has a widowed mother, who (not half so unwisely as might appear) marries an Italian commercial traveller and settles with him in Italy, taking along young Tilli. The accounts of middle-class Italian domestic life—swamped by crêpe-draped relatives always in mourning for other relatives—are convincing.

In Perugia, where her step-father opens a restaurant, Tilli gets along nicely—though the restaurant, unhappily, does not.

Tilli almost forgets to mention that she has grown up into being a raving beauty; with whom, when she goes to Paris to work in a famous dress house, her sophisticated employer falls in love. At that point, genuine tragedy—which is, in view of its nature, delicately handled by Miss Chase—emerges: the enviable marriage of which our Tilli is on the eve will have, after all, to be marriage only in name.

And, again and again through Tilli's love-life, the frustration (on one plane if not another) repeats itself. Everybody who loves Miss Tilli Bean seems to have one thing the matter if not another. It is wonderful how good-humoured she is, and how nice the rest of the people are when you get to know them. You may not exactly love *I Love Miss Tilli Bean*, but there is something about Miss Ilka Chase and her way of writing you have to like.

I AM glad to say there is a new Conyth Little—this time, *The Black Piano* (Crime Club, Collins; 7s. 6d.). This is yet another enjoyable American small-town tale with an attractive, gloomy but pert heroine—true to the Conyth Little type. I don't know why one does not tire of meeting the same girl again and again, but one never does—or, I should say, I never do. In this case, our Jané began life by being called Gloria—originally, she was a pedantic heiress with a rather too long nose, but the shock of being all-but murdered (by, she has reason to think, a close relation) revolutionises her character. She has her nose shortened, and marries, bigamously, a dependable type called John, but keeps Dick, her former—or should one say rightful?—husband, under suspicious observation. All this, owing to the consummate skill of the telling, appears far less preposterous than it might. . . . *The Black Piano* contains, also, one vintage aunt—called, this time, Mamie.

THE TATLER is happy to welcome a revised and up-to-date edition of *Ballet-Hoo* (Michael Joseph; 6s.), Nicolas Bentley's classic remedy for all who suffer from balletptomaine poisoning. New readers will savour Mr. Bentley's pen, whether it purveys words or lines, with delight, and old admirers will be happy to learn that the quotation from Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart., is still in its accustomed place.



sunk in a dank, green garden, only dimly echoing sounds from the outside world. The school has its own theatre: wisteria-draped stables and coach-house have been remodelled inside. Cognoscenti keep their eye on the Holbein theatre: its brief seasons, twice yearly, make ballet history. For the school itself, each of those openings involves a cracking nerve-storm.

In the twenty-four hours covered by *A Candle for St. Jude*, we are on the eve of an unprecedented occasion—a gala performance to celebrate Madame's diamond jubilee. Sixty years, this May, since she first took the stage! Nothing, nothing, nothing at all in the outside world matters—nothing but this! Giddy with nervous exaltation, with fatigue, with dread, the pupils who are to be the performers are near cracking-point—and, as for Madame! Crisis follows crisis.

HILDA, Lion (the ex-pupil, now rising male star of the Metropolitan Ballet), lovely Caroline, Felix the old musician, and little Lollie, the dressmaker's niece, are all involved. Hilda, with her obstinacy, her slowly-emerging genius, is involved most deeply of all. Her ballet, it has suddenly been decided, is to be thrown out. Is Madame jealous of Hilda?



Not feeling very happy in the role of a dancing bear. Little Panda as he appears on the title-page of *In His Little Black Waistcoat* to India

RECORD OF THE WEEK

MAY I draw attention to Solomon's newest record? Without doubt it is the best piano record of the month, and the quality of the performance and recording is so good that I am not at all certain that it is not probably the best record of its kind made to date.

Solomon has elected to play on one side the Busoni transcription of Bach's Chorale—

Prelude *Sleepers Wake!* Apart from the fact that such a recording is badly needed in the supplements, he plays with more than ordinary understanding and intelligence, and in contrast he devotes the second side to a delightfully crisp and gay interpretation of Scarlatti's *Sonata in F Major*. (H.M.V. C. 3768.)

Robert Tredinnick.

**Elmsley—Kent**

Major Sherwood Elmsley, son of the late Mr. J. R. Elmsley, and of Mrs. Elmsley, of Buffalo, New York, and Miss Mary Kent, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. Sawyer, of Petersham, Surrey, were married at Bawtry Parish Church, Yorkshire

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review

**Gilbey—Campbell**

Sir Derek Gilbey, Bt., son of the late Mr. Walter Ewart Gilbey, and of Mrs. George Hannay, of Halkin Place, S.W.1, married Miss Elizabeth Mary Campbell, daughter of Col. and Mrs. K. G. Campbell, of Standen House, near Newport, Isle of Wight, at Holy Trinity, Brompton

**Woodroffe—Mawle**

Mr. Ian Woodroffe, elder son of Dr. and Mrs. G. C. L. Woodroffe, of Lansdowne, Hampton, Middlesex, married at the Church of SS. Peter and Mary, Lois Weedon, Northants., Miss Carol Elisabeth Mawle, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mawle, of Weston, Towcester

**Hodgson—de Biseau d'Hauteville**

Mr. Geoffrey Derrick Hodgson, M.C., son of the late Mr. Reginald Hodgson, and of Mrs. Hodgson, of Sussex, married Mlle. Marie Ghislaine de Biseau d'Hauteville, daughter of Chevalier and the late Mme. P. de Biseau d'Hauteville, of Brussels, at the Church of Notre Dame, Malines, Belgium

**Stevens—Taylor**

Mr. Brian Stevens, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Stevens, of Chetwynd Grove, Marchwiel, Wrexham, married Miss Lynette Joy Taylor, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Taylor, of Mill House, Harewood, near Leeds, at All Saints Church, Harewood

**Allen—Molesworth**

Mr. Geoffrey Allen, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Allen, of Singapore, married at Sungei Buloh, Malaya, Miss Betty Molesworth, younger daughter of the Hon. Ernest and Mrs. Molesworth, of Auckland, New Zealand

**Badcock—Attfield**

Major John Michael Watson Badcock, only son of Mr. R. D. Badcock, and stepson of Mrs. R. D. Badcock, of Palmers Lodge, Petham, Canterbury, and Miss Gillian Pauline Attfield, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Attfield, of Colombo, Ceylon, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton



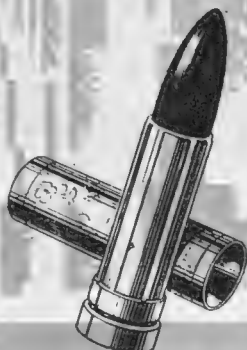
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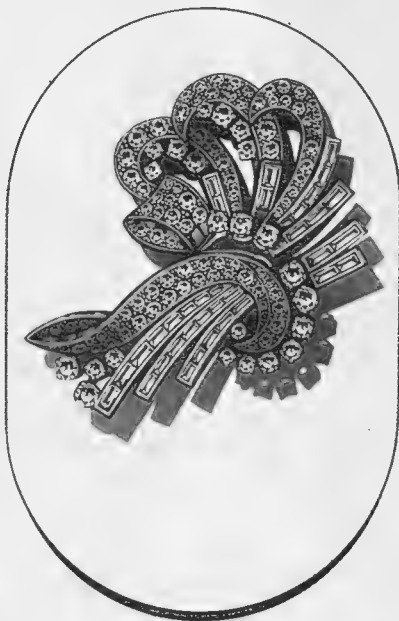
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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Miss Bettine Lentaigne, younger daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. E. C. Lentaigne, of Clanaboy, Somerset West, Cape, South Africa, who is engaged to Mr. Ernest Craig, of Kondoia Irangi, Tanganyika, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Craig, of Hillside, Pavenham, Bedford



Letlice Ramsey

Miss Jillean Susie Milne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Milne, of Northwood, Middlesex, who has announced her engagement to Mr. Michael Hughes-D'Aeth, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wyndham Hughes-D'Aeth, of Horley, Surrey



Elliott and Fry

Dr. Alison Mary Brydone, M.B., B.S., daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Brydone, of Ruland Gate, S.W.7, and Orchard House, Petworth, Sussex, who is to marry Mr. Alexander Joseph Paul Graham, F.R.C.S., son of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Graham, of Witbank, Transvaal, South Africa



Bassano

Miss Sheila Mary Wright, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred A. Wright, of Highlow, Chorley Road, Sheffield, who has announced her engagement to Mr. Jason Richards, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Richards, of Christchurch, New Zealand



Harlip

Miss Diana Hester Morison, only daughter of Lt.-Col. E. B. Morison, T.D., and Mrs. Morison, of St. Boswells, Hale, Cheshire, who has become engaged to Capt. Roderick F. Willett, only son of Major L. Willett, O.B.E., and Mrs. Willett, of Holmbury St. Mary, Surrey



Pearl Freeman

Miss Lorna Coold McArthur, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. V. G. McArthur, of Alcombe, Minsterhead, Somerset, who is engaged to marry Mr. John Le Gallais, son of the late Col. Albert Le Gallais, A.D.C., M.C., and of Mrs. Le Gallais, of La Moye Manor, Jersey



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PRINGLE OF SCOTLAND

Oliver Steward on FLYING

ARE all the prophets of gloom wrong? Is the predicted famine to be avoided; is the economic crash not to come? And are we not to suffer from the evil effects of having no private flying worth talking about?

It will be recalled that the reason the restrictions on private and club flying were deplored was that a nation cannot produce good aircraft or good airmen unless a large number of its people think about and practise aviation in one form or another. It is fairly clear that, given equal populations, the country with many pilots will produce better pilots than the country with few. The same is true of designers, research workers and all concerned in the advance of aviation.

Yet although our private flying is a poor thing to-day compared with what it used to be, we are producing some of the most notable aircraft and aero-engines. The new turboprops that will be seen at the Society of British Aircraft Constructors' Farnborough display, are more advanced than any others. And we continue to build fighters which bear the hallmark of fine quality.

Perhaps if we think about flying enough it is not necessary to practise it; but I am inclined to believe that all these new wonders are the result of the momentum acquired by aviation during the war and that, in the end, we shall suffer for it if we do not create a large private and club flying movement.

An Eye for an Aircraft

AFTER all it was to a large extent the enthusiasm of those who went in for motor sport that led to the production of some of the cars that are most popular to-day in the export markets.

Enthusiasts for aviation or motoring do acquire a judgment about the machine of their choice that is more likely to be right than the academic judgment of the armchair engineer. I have met many test pilots who have the ability to sum up fairly accurately the flying qualities of an aircraft simply by looking at it.

But these powers of judgment are not innate. They have to be acquired and they are acquired by living with, and for, aviation; by flying and thinking about flying. Few young people to-day have any opportunity of becoming "air hogs" but air hogs are useful as critics.

Compounding

THOSE who have been thinking that the old piston engine is dead, may have to think again. Compounding, or using a piston engine to help a gas turbine and the gas turbine to help the piston engine, has been showing some remarkable results in fuel economy. So although compounding may not be much use for high speed, it may be of the greatest use for long range.

America has been working on compounding for a long time and has prepared an installation which will soon be showing what it can do. The work in this country is a military secret (how convenient these military secrets are when one gets a little behind!), but a certain noted engineer has given his views quite clearly on the subject in public, and the "secret" is a secret only to those who do not follow technical progress closely.

The essential point is that the consumption of a compound unit may get down to less than one half the weight of fuel per horse-power per hour of the comparable gas turbine. For long ranges that is of enormous importance.

No Apology

UNGRACIOUS" is about the kindest word I can think of for the way the Ministry of Supply and the Ministry of Civil Aviation have between them treated the Tudor IV. It will be recalled that this is the aircraft with which British South American Airways made a profit. When one of them, for reasons which have never been explained, disappeared, all the Tudor IVs were grounded.

Many thought it was a panic measure; but they felt happier when they were told that the aircraft would be subjected to tests, including tests of range, and that justice would be done and done quickly. More than six months passed, however, and then suddenly we heard that the aircraft were back on the South American runs with passengers. Neither Ministry had said anything about the results of the tests; neither Ministry had said that it had been wrong in suspecting the machine of being basically faulty.

Up to the time I am writing neither Ministry will say what the tests showed. Fortunately I happen to know that the tests showed that the aircraft's performance was almost exactly what British South American Airways originally thought it was. The grounding was a panic measure with no sort of technical justification.

I feel that it is time to ask these precious Ministries if they feel it to be one of their duties to blacken the reputation of British aircraft. They appear to be ready to withhold or even suppress facts and figures which reflect on their judgment. They appear to think it more important to look after their own reputations than after the reputation of a great British industry.

This is one of those "something-should-be-done-about" cases; but I am afraid that we are beginning to learn that nothing ever is done about these cases. They drift into oblivion and the deserved rap on the knuckles is never administered to any Government department.

EXPORT

Here at home would-be readers of THE TATLER may meet with difficulties in placing their order; but THE TATLER is also an export. Your friends overseas can be supplied without delay. Subscription rates on application to: The Publisher, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

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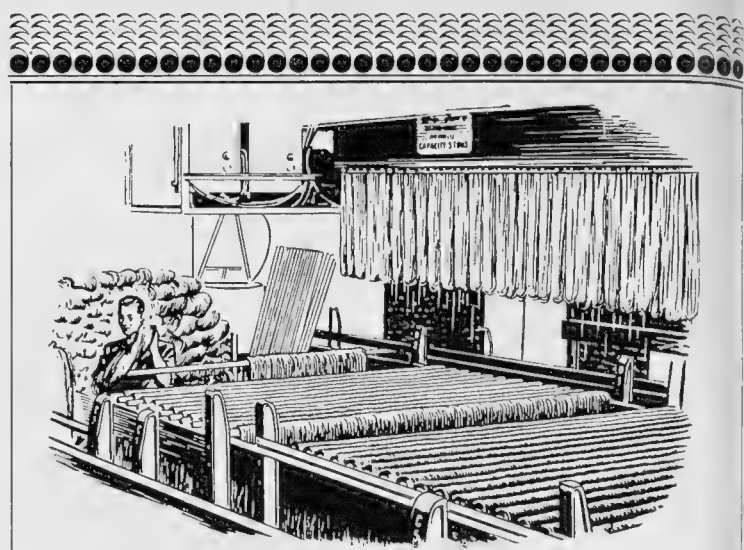
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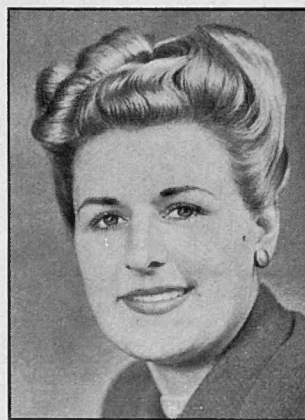
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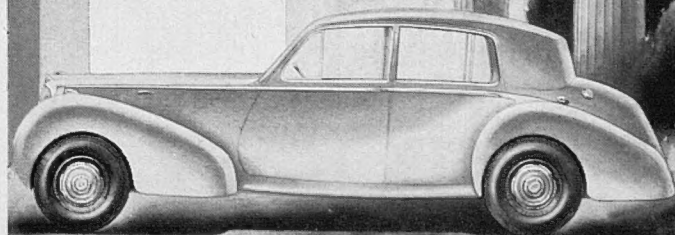
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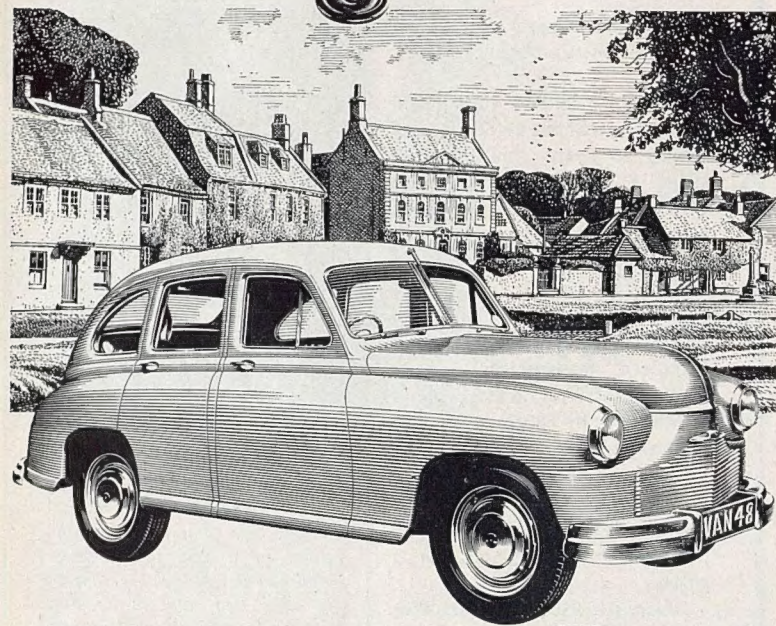


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